You haue no children diuels, if you had,
The thought of them would then haue ſtopt your rage,
But if you euer hope to haue a ſonne,
Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off,
As traitors you haue done this ſweet young Prince.

Edw. Away, and beare her hence.

Queene. Nay nere beare me hence, diſpatch
Me heere, heere ſheathe thy ſword,
Ile pardon thee my death. Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it.

Cla. By heauen I would not do thee ſo much eaſe.

Queene. Good *Clarence* do, ſweet *Clarence* kill me too.

Cla. Didſt thou not heare me ſweare I would not do it?

Queen. I, but thou vſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe,
Twas ſinne before, but now tis charity.
Where's the [illegible] butcher, hard-fauoured *Richard*,
Richard where art thou? He is not here,
Murder is his almes-deed,
Petitioners for blood, hee'l nere put backe.

Edw. Away I ſay, and take her hence perforce.

Qu. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince. *Exit.*

Edw. Clarence, whether is Gloſter gone?

Cla. Marry my Lord to London, and as I gueſſe,
To make a bloody ſupper in the Tower.

Edw. He is ſudden if a thing come in his head.
Well, diſcharge the common ſoldiors with pay
and thanks, and now lets toward London,
To ſee our gentle Queene how ſhe doth fare,
For by this I hope ſhe hath a ſonne for vs. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Gloſter to King Henry in the Tower.

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your booke ſo hard?

Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I ſhould ſay rather,
Tis ſinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good Gloſter, and good Diuell, were alike,
What ſcene of death hath *Roſius* now to acte?

Glo. Suſpition alwaies haunts a guilty minde. *Hen.*

Hen. The bird once limde, doth fe
And I the hapleſſe maile to one poo
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine
Where my poore young was limde
Glo. Why, what a foole was that
That taught his ſonne the office of a
And yet for all that the poore Fowl
Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore ſonne
Thy father *Minos* that denide our c
Thy brother *Edward*, the ſunne that
And thou the enuieſt gulfe that ſwa
Oh better can my breaſt abide thy
Then can mine eares that tragicke h
Glo. Why doſt thou thinke I am
Hen. A perſecutor I am ſure tho
And if murdering innocents be exe
Then I know thou art an execution
Glo. Thy ſonne I kild for his pre
Hen. Hadſt thou bin kild when
Thou hadſt not liude to kill a ſonn
And thus I propheſie of thee.
That many a widow for her husba
And many an infants water ſtandi
Widowes for their husbands, child
Shall curſe the time that euer thou
The Owle ſhrikt at thy birth, an e
The night Crow cride, aboding lu
Dogs howld, and hideous tempeſ
The Rauen rookt her on the Chim
And chattering Pies in diſmall di
Thy mother felt more then a moth
And yet brought forth leſſe then
To wit: an vndigeſt created lump
Not like the fruite of ſuch a good
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head whe
To ſignifie thou cam'ſt to bite the
And if the reſt be true that I haue

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Parts 2 & 3* (STC 26101) LONDON, 1619 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH